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POETRY.

THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS.

BY MRS. AMELIA R. WELBY.

Oh, my thoughts are away where my infancy flew,
Near the green mossy banks where the butter-cups grew;
Where the bright after-noon sunbeams play,
First laughing in sunshine, then winking in shade.
There oft in my childhood I've wandered in play,
Flinging up the cool drops in a shower of spray.
Till my small naked feet were all bathed in light dew,
As I played on the bank where the butter-cups grew.

How soft, that green bank sloped down from the hill,
To the spot where the fountain grew suddenly still!
How cool was the shadow the long branches gave,
As they hung from the willow and dipp'd in the wave!
And then each pale lily that slept on the stream,
Rose and fell with the waves as it stirred by a dream.
While my home 'mid the vine-leaves rose soft on my view,
As I played on the banks where the butter-cups grew.

The beautiful things, how I watched them unfold,
Till they lifted their delicate vases of gold;
O, never a spot since those days have I seen,
With leaves of such freshness, and flowers of such green;
How glad was my spirit, for then there was naught
To furnish its wing, save some beautiful thought.
Breaking up from its depths, each wild wind that blew,
O'er the green mossy bank, where the butter-cups grew.

The paths I have trod I would quickly retrace,
Could I win back the glances that looked from my face,
As I coiled my warm lip in the fountain I love,
With a spirit as pure as the wing of a dove.
Could I wander again where my forehead was starred,
With the beauty that dwelt in my bosom unbarred;
And calm as a child, in the starlight and dew,
Fall asleep on the bank where the butter-cups grew.

POPULAR TALES.

THE GAMBLER.

It was a rich and elegant apartment. The floors were covered with a costly carpet, the most expensive furniture ornamented the room, and on the walls were hung a few fine pieces from the older masters. The hour was past midnight. The chandelier burned dimly, throwing a faint light over the crimson drapery around, and just permitting you to see that on a sofa with her face between her hands, and the tears trickling down her cheeks, sat the mistress of this lovely mansion. Why, with all this gorgeousness and wealth, did she weep there an almost broken-hearted wife?

Emily Languerre was an orphan and an heiress. At an early age she had married one every way worthy of her pure and guileless heart, and for four years of unalloyed happiness all had been beautiful and bright. But alas! when the sky is fairest, the storm may be already gathering on the horizon, and before three winters had darkened the curls of her little boy, a change gradually came over her once adoring husband. It could all be told in one word—he had become a gambler. Amid the fashionable amusements of the day, card playing was pre-eminent, and though he indulged in it at first to spend an idle hour or to gratify a friend, it was not long before he acquired a liking, which was soon lost in an uncontrollable passion for the excitement of play. From the sport it became the necessary of life. His cheek grew pale, his eye became wild, he spent half the night at the gaming table, and it was rumored that his fortune had already deeply suffered. His meek wife, however, had borne it all without complaint. Her looks of tender entreaty were all that told how bitterly she felt it,—they were voiceless, it is true, but they cut the gambler to the heart.

It was long past midnight, and still that lonely wife waited for her husband. Even his late hours had long past, and she began to fear that some accident had happened to detain him. Her suspense, at last, grew painfully oppressive. She knew not what to think—her mind was tortured with a thousand fears. Oh! there is nothing like the agony of waiting for those you love hours after your reason tells you they should have been by your side. At last she rose, and went to the window. Suddenly a step was heard coming up the street, and her heart beat quicker at the sound. But it was only the watchman. She turned away, sought the couch of her boy, and looking on his cherub face as he lay there in the sleep of innocent childhood, found relief in a flood of tears.

Her quick ear at length heard her husband's step in the hall, and springing up, she brushed away her tears, and hurried to welcome him.

"Oh! Charles, I am so glad—thank God! you are safe—I was afraid some accident had happened to you," and a smile struggled through her half-dried tears.

Her husband stared at her vacantly an instant, and seemed tortured with an upbraiding voice within. He appeared, for the time, ashamed of his career; but the demon that had possession of him whispered him to drown his feelings in an angry reply.

"Madam," he exclaimed, "haven't I often told you to hush your health by waiting up at this rate. One can't be out without having it thought he's killed; but that is the way."

The wife had, hitherto, looked incredulously at him. It was the first time,—and as he spoke harshly and angrily to her. It went through her heart like an ice-bolt. She only gasped "Charles," and turned her face away to hide her tears.

The man stood like one struck dumb. The words had scarcely left his mouth before he would

have given worlds to have recalled them. That single name, so gently, so meekly said, told more than volumes of upbraiding. Yet his pride for a moment forbade him to acknowledge his error, and his evil genius whispered him to harden his heart against the mute eloquence of his wife. But he had still some noble feelings left, and they at last triumphed.

"Emily," he said, "Emily—forgive me. I am beside myself—I hardly yet know what I do," and as he spoke, you might detect in his care-worn face, the ravages of hours of unusual suffering.

His gentle wife turned round,—so ready is woman to forgive,—and had already placed her hand in his, when noticing the haggard look of his countenance she eagerly exclaimed,

"But what is the matter?—You look sick, troubled—your dress is disordered—are you unwell—has any thing happened—shall I bring you some wine?—what can I do for you? Oh! speak, Charles—quick."

The man was deeply moved by the tender anxiety of his wife. He buried his face in his hands for a moment, and groaned aloud. He seemed to have something which he dared not tell. At last raising his head, he said with fearful calmness, for the muscles of the face, the while, were working with the intensest feeling,

"Matter, oh! Emily I have ruined you. This morning I was a rich man, to-night I am almost a beggar. You have heard it all—you and your child are paupers—hate me now," and with the terrible calmness of despair he stood there like a doomed criminal, yet afraid to raise his eyes to meet the gaze of his injured wife.

"Is that all, Charles?" she calmly asked, after a momentary pause, "is that all? Oh! if it will only persuade you to leave off play, all will yet be well. We have life and health, and happiness, and with them we can again be happy. Nor are we ruined—even if we have lost all!"

"Not quite all, thank God!" murmured her husband.

"Then we shall yet be happy," almost sobbed the wife, yielding to the glad belief that her husband was repentant, and losing in that blissful feeling all dread of other woes, "we shall yet be happy. We have enough for a competency, and we will go away from this wicked city and all its temptations, and finding some quiet retreat in the country, we will live there in our little cottage; and you will love me and little Henry as you used to; and you will no longer leave me to watch till my heart almost breaks; and the joyous days we once had will again revisit us; and you shall read to me as I sit, and Henry prattles seconds to you, and we shall be so happy—so very happy," and as the scene rose up before her, so much in contrast with her late unhappiness, she leaned her head upon her husband's shoulder and wept for gladness.

He, too, was affected almost to tears. His better sympathies were once more aroused, and he vowed as he looked upon his wife, never to touch a card again. Oh! there is something irresistible in the mute eloquence of a woman's tears. Dark indeed must be that soul, and hard and seared that heart which can withstand the silent pleading of an injured wife.

"Noble, neglected woman," he exclaimed, as he pressed her to his bosom, "how have I wronged you. But it is over,—I will never touch a card again—if I do, may utter, irrevocable ruin come upon me."

"Hush, hush," murmured his glad wife, "how dreadful you talk—only let us get away from this city—we shall be too happy!"

And well had it been for all, if in the first moments of his new resolution, he had taken the advice of his wife, flown from the city as from a pestilence, and sought safety in some quiet spot, where temptation could not reach him, and where his wife and child might have fixed him firmly in the path of virtue. Would to God he had done so!—then might we have been spared his dark and eventful history. But alas! for the self-confidence of man. His affairs, when they came to be examined, were found far less involved than, in the madness resulting from the consciousness of losing vast sums on the night on which he abandoned play, he had at first supposed them. He even found, that with strict economy, his old establishment might be supported. As yet his losses were a secret, and his pride revolted from disclosing them by flying from the city. In an evil hour he resolved to remain. That hour rung the knell of his ruin.

But why dwell on the painful picture? The fall of most men is much alike, and the history of one is that of all the rest. It is a melancholy thing to trace the poor victim in his downward course; to behold him gradually losing every high and lofty sentiment; to see him, day by day, becoming more callous and degraded; and to gaze on him at last, sinking from immortality to vice, from vice to recklessness, from recklessness to utter abandonment, until he becomes a mere vagrant, despised, shunned, and insulted by all. Our bond, despised, shunned, and insulted by all. Our bond, despised, shunned, and insulted by all. Our bond, despised, shunned, and insulted by all.

But he little knew the enemy he had to contend with. As the game proceeded, he grew insensibly interested in the event; his old habits once more started into life, and his thirst for the excitement began to awaken; his eye kindled, his hand trembled, his breath came shorter, he even unconsciously bet on the result; one by one his late formed resolves faded away and were forgotten, until at length his passion was fully re-awakened; he was on fire with the fever of his exciting passion; he won; he betted again; he took up the cards himself; he became, as it were, maddened

with the contest; and long before he left the house, he was once more an eager gambler. Before the power of his master passion, his vows, his promises, his resolutions, were as willow-witches in a giant's hand. Even the meek face of his wife was forgotten, and with wild eye and excited mien, he left the gaming house at midnight.

It was long before he was cool enough to think, but when recollection at last came, tongue cannot tell the tortures of his bosom. He remembered his vows, his wife's entreaties, his little boy, and his own faithlessness, until his soul seemed on fire with remorse. He trembled to meet the silent, upbraiding look of his wife. It was in his bosom, and a thousand furies at his heart. A recklessness, a phrenzy seized upon him,—he stooped at an eating-house, and swallowed draught after draught of brandy; he strove in inebriety to drown his feelings; and, for the first time, he reeled home a drunkard. Who can tell the agony at his fire-side that night? Gambling and drunkenness! How many hearts have been broken,—how many hearths made desolate,—how many wives hurried prematurely to their graves, by the prevalence of these destructive vices! When once they are invited, their poor, miserable victim is undone forever.

Well, time passed on. The stage darkened, for the curtain was already falling. In one short month the wife and mother felt that all was over, and as she clasped her babe to her bosom, and prayed for its deluded father, the hot tears would fall upon its little brow until it too would cry,—it knew not why. In less than a year the first act was up. They were sold out by the sheriff, and in the dead of winter forced to seek a shelter among the necessitous and degraded. Friends, acquaintances, all left them. Far better had they been carried to their graves!

Years passed by; and one cold night in November, a man was seen stealing along a dirty and narrow street, in the suburb of our city. He was clad in a coat long since tattered, and now ready to drop off his back; his hat was crumpled and crownless, and wind and weather had bleached its original jet to a dirty, brownish hue. Such a miserable object—thank God! one rarely sees. And then, too, his looks! Pale, haggard, trembling with premature disease, and worn out with drunken debauchery, his maulin eye rolling frightfully around, he reeled along from one side to the other, scarcely able to pick his way along the dark and dirty alley. The cold, fine, drizzling rain was falling from the sky, driving into the face of the wayfarer, soaking through his thin coat. He seemed setting not a rod above the low roofs. The light from the street lamps around, struggled vainly to penetrate the mist, and only betokened their presence by a few luminous halos, shining dimly through the foggy atmosphere. The black and tottering houses frowned gloomily around. The loose window shutters rattled in the tempest, and the wind howled dimly around the corners of the streets. Here and there, beneath the broken door-steps, the long grass grew; the cracked and time-stained walls rose desolately above; and along the streets, like sentinels watching over this scene of ruin, were scattered the crazy awning posts, from which the canvases had long since rotted away. The pavement was uneven—the kennel full of filth. It was altogether a sight as desolate as man would wish to see, and even a dog would not have tarried out on such a night; yet that beggarly wayfarer still shuffled on, stopping at some low cellar, to listen to its curses and songs of infamy, or hurrying along, up one street and down another, seemingly without aim, and only pausing now and then to mutter an imprecation at the tempest, or cast a scowling glance at the stormy sky. Cold nor rain seemed he to care for. Hour after hour passed by, and still he wandered on. The friends of remorse were busy at his heart—gambling and drunkenness had failed to drive them from the lodgement.

The gray morning was already dawning, when this miserable wretch turned into a still narrower alley, and entering the door of a low and ruinous frame structure, groped through its narrow entry, up its narrower staircase, and stood for a moment on the landing, as with a curse he jerked off his hat, and slung the rain in showers from it on the wall. The noise of his footsteps had scarcely ceased before the creaking door was timidly opened, and a pale, emaciated boy, not more than nine or ten years old, shading with one hand the candle he held in the other, stepped out upon the landing, and closing the door behind him, asked in mingled anxiety and dread,

"Is that you, father?" It was a strange thing to hear that tender word in such a place; and it might have melted the vilest heart, coming as it did from a creature so beautifully delicate as that sickly boy. But what can move the drunkard's bosom? "Yes, wet to the skin, curse it," said the man. "Why ain't you asleep, you brat?" The little fellow shrunk back at this coarse salutation, but still, though shaking with fear, he did not quit his station before the door.

"What are you standing there, gaping for?" said the wretch, "It's bad enough to hear a sick wife grumbling all day, without having you kept up at night to chime in in the morning,—get to bed, you imp,—do you hear?"

The little fellow did not answer; fear seemed to have deprived him of speech; but still holding on to the door-latch, with an imploring look, he stood right in the way by which his parent would have to enter the room.

"Ain't you going to mind?" said the man with an oath, breaking into a fury, "give me the light, and go to bed, or I'll break every bone in your body."

"Oh! father, don't talk so loud," said the little

bed her husband, as he supported her sinking

frame, "you'll wake mother, she's been worse all day, and hasn't had any sleep till now,"—and as the man made an effort to snatch the candle, the boy, loosing all personal fears in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path and said, "you mustn't—you mustn't go!"

"What does the brat mean?" broke out the inebriate angrily, "this comes of leaving you to wait on your mother till you learn to be as obstinate as a mule—will you disobey me?—take that, and that, you imp," and raising his hand he struck the little sickly being to the floor, kicked aside his boy, and strode into the dilapidated room.

It was truly a fitting place for the home of such a vagabond as he. The walls were low, covered with smoke, and seamed with a hundred cracks. The chimney-piece had once been white, but was now of the greasy lead color of age. The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain soaking through, dripped with a monotonous tick upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking-glass, and a three-legged table, on which was a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was directly before the gambler. On a rickety bed lay the wife of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily Languerre, who, through poverty, shame, and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth. Oh! woman, thy constancy the world cannot shake, nor shame nor misery subdue. Friend after friend had deserted that ruined man; indignity after indignity had been heaped upon him, and deservedly; year by year he had fallen lower and lower in the sink of infamy; and yet still thro' every mishap, that sainted woman had clung to him,—for he was the father of her boy, and the husband of her youth. It was a hard task for her to perform but it was her duty, and when all the world deserted him should she too leave him?—She had borne much, alas! nature could endure no more. Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were dim and sunken. She was in the last stage of consumption, but it was not that which was killing her,—she was dying of a broken heart!

The noise made by her husband awoke her from her troubled sleep, and she half started up in bed, the hectic fire streaming along her cheek, and a wild, fitful light shooting into her sunken eyes. There was a faint, shadowy smile lighting up her face, but it was as cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom, but what can penetrate the seared and hardened heart of a gambler? "Is this the way you receive me after being out all day in the rain to get something for your brat and you? Come, don't go to whining, I say,"—but as his wife uttered a faint cry at his brutality, and fell back senseless on the bed, he seemed to awaken to a partial sense of condition, he reeled a step or two forward, put his hand up to his forehead, stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her continued, "but,—why,—what's the matter?"

His poor wife lay like a corpse before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed answered, and its tones quivered as they spoke.

"Oh!—mother's dead!" It was the voice of his son who had stolen in, and was now sobbing violently as he tried to raise her head in his little arms. He had been for weeks her only nurse, and had long since learned to act for himself. He bathed her temples, he chafed her limbs, he invoked her wildly to awake.

"Dead!" said the man, and he was sobered at once—"dead, dead," he continued in a tone of horror that chilled the blood, and advancing to the bedside, with eyes starting from their sockets, he laid his hand upon her marble brow, "then, oh, my God! I have murdered her! Emily, Emily, you are not dead,—say so—oh! speak and forgive your repentant husband!" and kneeling by the bedside, he chafed her white, thin hand, watering it with his hot tears as he sobbed her name.

Their efforts, at length, partially restored her, and the first thing she saw upon reviving was her husband weeping by her side and calling her "Emily!" It was the first time he had done so for years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy visions of years long past. She was back in their youthful days, before ruin had blasted her once noble husband, and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Woe, shame, poverty, desertion, even his brutal language was forgotten, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth. Oh! that moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed there for very joy.

"Can you forgive me, Emily? I have been a brute, a villain—oh! can you forgive? I have sinned as never man sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh! God annihilate me for my guilt!"

"Charles!" said the dying woman in a tone so sweet and low that it floated through that chamber like the whisper of a disembodied spirit, "I forgive you, and may God forgive you too; but oh! it does not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish."

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him. A long pause ensued.

"Charles," at last continued the dying woman, "I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry."

"God forgive me for my wrongs to him, too," murmured the repentant man.

"I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in. I feel that I shall never see another sun. A violent fit of coughing interrupted her."

"Oh! no; you must not, will not die," sobbed her husband, as he supported her sinking

frame, "you'll live to save your repentant husband. Oh! you will!"

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her wan hand on his and continued feebly,

"Night and day, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour, and never, even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come; for I have felt that within me which whispered that as all had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would at last come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner, some happiness then might have been mine again in this world; but God's will be done! I am weak—I feel I am failing fast—Henry, give me your hand."

The little boy silently placed it in hers, she kissed it, and then laying it within her husband's continued,

"Here is our child—our only born—when I am gone he will have none to take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your own blood, as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender,—it is the only thing for which I would care to live;—she paused, and struggled to subdue her feelings, "will you promise me, Charles?"

"I will, as there is a Maker over me, I will," sobbed the man; and the frail bed against which he leaned shook with his emotion.

"Oh! yes!" sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, "but mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you?—oh! don't die!"

"This is too hard," murmured the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her, "Father, give me strength to endure it!"

For a few minutes all was still, and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and the boy, and the low, death-like tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that giving way to his grief pained his mother, and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on the bed, gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

"Henry, where are you?" faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in a low, mournful voice. "Henry, Henry," she said in a louder tone, and then after a second, added, "Poor babe, he don't hear me."

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's and pressed it.

"Come nearer, my son—nearer—the candle wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine—Henry, love—I can't see—has the wind—blown—out—the light?"

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

"Oh! God," murmured the dying woman, her voice growing fainter and fainter, "this is death! Charles—Henry—Jesus—re—"

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the gambler. Starting up from his kneeling posture, he gazed wildly upon the corpse, and as he gazed remorse already began to gnaw at his vitals. He felt himself a murderer, and the recollection of her sainted purity in forgiving him, only smote him the deeper. The fiends of hell were at his heart, and revelling in his bosom. His brain reeled, his eyes swam, his steps tottered beneath him, wild figures flitted before his fancy, and snatching up his hat, he cast one look on the angelic countenance of his wife, and then rushed frantically out into the storm.

Long lay the boy beside his mother,—but his swoon at last was over, and when he recovered his recollection, he was alone with the dead. He scarcely noticed it, however: for his grief was too big to endure. One short moment he gazed around the room, but feeling he could do nothing, he covered the face of the corpse with the sheet, sat down by the bedside, and burying his face in his hands, began to cry. Hour after hour passed on, and still he moved not,—the only sound beside his sobs was the pattering of the rain upon the roof, and its melancholy drip upon the floor. When, long after sunrise, his half insane parent returned with some of the neighbors, he had fallen over on the bed, and was sleeping quietly beside his mother. A smile was on his face—perhaps he had been dreaming.

Well, they buried her. Few followed her, in her coarse, pine coffin, to the pauper's grave. But as the callous sexton flung the sods upon the lid, with a jest at her former fortune, one wild, heart broken wail rose up from the little group, so utterly, so fearfully despairing that even the grave digger paused an instant in his task. It was her little boy!

For awhile the repentant husband remembered the admonition of his wife, and withstood every craving to return to his former courses. But alas! human nature is weak; and when the fangs of the destroyer are once fixed, no earthly power can tear them from their hold. The grass was scarcely green upon the grave of his murdered wife, before he had once more gradually relapsed, by the same means as before, into his old habits. He heard one day the rattle of dice as he passed a low tavern; he paused, walked on, hesitated, looked back, and slunk at last into the room. His history is soon told. His wife's relatives, who had lost sight of him for years, at last obtained a view to his residence, and at once snatched his child from

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Long lay the boy beside his mother,—but his swoon at last was over, and when he recovered his recollection, he was alone with the dead. He scarcely noticed it, however: for his grief was too big to endure. One short moment he gazed around the room, but feeling he could do nothing, he covered the face of the corpse with the sheet, sat down by the bedside, and burying his face in his hands, began to cry. Hour after hour passed on, and still he moved not,—the only sound beside his sobs was the pattering of the rain upon the roof, and its melancholy drip upon the floor. When, long after sunrise, his half insane parent returned with some of the neighbors, he had fallen over on the bed, and was sleeping quietly beside his mother. A smile was on his face—perhaps he had been dreaming.

Well, they buried her. Few followed her, in her coarse, pine coffin, to the pauper's grave. But as the callous sexton flung the sods upon the lid, with a jest at her former fortune, one wild, heart broken wail rose up from the little group, so utterly, so fearfully despairing that even the grave digger paused an instant in his task. It was her little boy!

For awhile the repentant husband remembered the admonition of his wife, and withstood every craving to return to his former courses. But alas! human nature is weak; and when the fangs of the destroyer are once fixed, no earthly power can tear them from their hold. The grass was scarcely green upon the grave of his murdered wife, before he had once more gradually relapsed, by the same means as before, into his old habits. He heard one day the rattle of dice as he passed a low tavern; he paused, walked on, hesitated, looked back, and slunk at last into the room. His history is soon told. His wife's relatives, who had lost sight of him for years, at last obtained a view to his residence, and at once snatched his child from

frame, "you'll live to save your repentant husband. Oh! you will!"

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her wan hand on his and continued feebly,

"Night and day, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour, and never, even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come; for I have felt that within me which whispered that as all had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would at last come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner, some happiness then might have been mine again in this world; but God's will be done! I am weak—I feel I am failing fast—Henry, give me your hand."

The little boy silently placed it in hers, she kissed it, and then laying it within her husband's continued,

"Here is our child—our only born—when I am gone he will have none to take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your own blood, as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender,—it is the only thing for which I would care to live;—she paused, and struggled to subdue her feelings, "will you promise me, Charles?"

"I will, as there is a Maker over me, I will," sobbed the man; and the frail bed against which he leaned shook with his emotion.

"Oh! yes!" sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, "but mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you?—oh! don't die!"

"This is too hard," murmured the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her, "Father, give me strength to endure it!"

For a few minutes all was still, and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and the boy, and the low, death-like tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that giving way to his grief pained his mother, and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on the bed, gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

"Henry, where are you?" faintly asked the dying mother.

